Jenny Lind at Last

Musical farce.
2 scenes

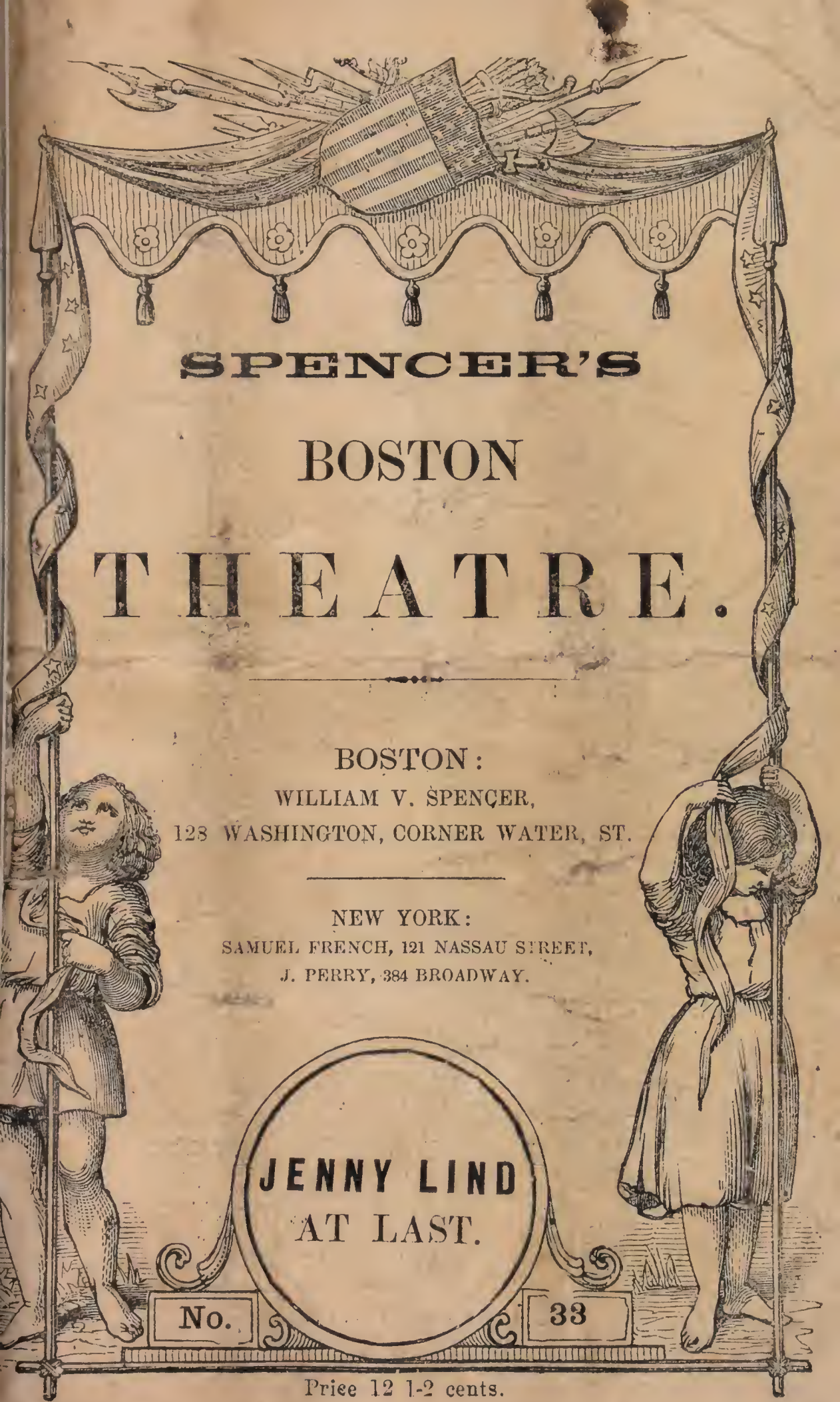
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AT LAST.

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First of April
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Happy Man
Highland Reel
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Invisible Prince
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John Bull
Jack Sheppard
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Jacobite The
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Jane Shore
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King Lear
" John
" Henry IV
" " VIII
Kiss in the Dark
King of the Commons
Katharine and Petrucio
Kill or Cure
Lonely Man of the Ocean
Ladies Battle
Lucretia Borgia
Lottery Ticket
Limerick Boy The
La Tour de Nesle
Ladies Beware
Leap Year The
Lawyers The
Lend me five Shillings
Lady of the Lake

Ten of the above for One Dollar.

JENNY LIND.

SCENERY.

Scene 1.—3 D Oak 1 & 2 g. C D open, backed by 2 D Oak, close C Doors at Exit of Students.

Scene 2.—3 D plain 2 & 3 g, C D open backed by 2 D plain. Set Doors R & L 2 E.

PROPERTIES.

Scene 1.—Plain table on R C., on it 2 large stone pitchers of Beer, 4 brown mugs, and 4 German pipes filled with Camomile, and 6 plain chairs on.

Scene 2.—Sheet of Music [for Gag,] and white handkerchief, tobacco box [for Herr Scheroot] in it a small parchment. White handkerchief [for Jenny] to be torn in pieces, 3 loaded pistols and 3 unloaded pistols for the Students, 2 chairs on R & L.

JENNY LIND.

COSTUMES.

BARON.—Blouse, dark tights, Hessian boots, Belgian cap.

LEATHERLUNGS.—Coat, breeches, vest, white stockings and shoes.

GAG.—Dark coat, breeches, vest and shoes.

SCHEROOT.—
KANASTER.—
SPITTOON.—
KOFF.—
LANDLORD.—
} Same style as Baron.

JENNY LIND.—Silk dress, bonnet, &c.

☞ The songs in this piece can be changed to suit the locality of the city or town in which it is played. ☜

JENNY LIND AT LAST.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a Student's Tavern in Heidelberg*, C. D. *practical, plain table on* R. H. 1. G. *and* 6 *plain chairs, a number of Students discovered drinking beer and smoking large pipes, shouting and laughing, as applauding a song.*

All. Bravo, bravo! That verse again.

Sche. Yes, yes. Beer, pipes, and music—the triumvirate that governs Germany.

Kan. All right! Here, Carl, (*to one of the Students*) you're fit for nothing else, keep my pipe alight (*hands pipe*). Now, then; and mind, a rollicking chorus.

All. Never fear, Hurrah, hurrah!

Kan. Song.—*Air*, "*The Standard Bearer.*"

The Student puffs his never-failing pipe,
And in his mug the darling beer is foaming;
He laughs, he shouts, he drinks, he dreams, he smokes,
His spirit 'mid tobacco clouds still roaming.
The idols of his love, his pipe, his mug,
Are idols which he'd worship ever;
For tobacco he would fight, for beer he would die,
But could never live without them—never!

The last two lines to be repeated as chorus, amid general hurrahs, at the end of which Baron Swigitoff Beery enters from C. D., *all make room for him, and exclaim "Bravo, bravo!"*

Spit. Aha! here's the cock of the college.

Kan. Baron Swigitoff Beery, I pity you; you've missed my song.

Bar. Songs! don't talk of singing. I have news—such

news! Here, listen! Leave your pipes, desert your saur-kraut, be unfaithful to your beer, and cut your sausages.

All rise and crowd around him.

Kan. Why, what's the matter? Have the French burnt the Rhine?

Bar. Burnt the devil! Better than that. Do you know who is here? Talk of singing! talk of songs! Why, at this moment, the queen, the empress—damme! the whole royal family of song, Jenny Lind, herself, is in Heidelberg!

All. What, the famous Jenny?

Bar. Herself. I'm in such a fluster; my heart is bumping the buttons off my waistcoat; and as for my head, oh, ever since I heard of the arrival of the Swedish nightingale, it has felt like a Swedish turnip.

Kan. What, Jenny Lind! which is her hotel?

Bar. The Black Eagle with two Necks; and there we must go this evening to serenade her.

All. Bravo, bravo, with our famous chorus!

[*They burst into the first lines of "The Student Smokes," &c.*

Bar. (*Stopping his ears!*) Dreadful! Barbarous! Stop, stop, that will never do. It must be tender, soft, and graceful. Something in my way. Listen! the flame at my heart has given me a cold in the head: (*sneezes*) but never mind, Listen!

SONG.

Air.—"Serenade in Don Pasquale."

Oh, Jenny Lind,
Who can raise the wind,
And poke such fun
At the poet Bunn.
(CHORUS) Bunn, bunn, bunn, bunn, bunn.

Fair nightingale,
Had I salt on your tail,
Oh, I'd engage
To build your cage
From English Guineas
Forked out by ninnies,
And drawn as you desire,
To golden wire.
Oh, Jenny, &c.

All. Hear, hear! Bravo, capital!

Bar. Yes; I flatter myself that that will produce an impression. Ha, ha! Genius can appreciate genius.

All. Well: we shall all meet before the Black Eagle with two Necks this evening.

Bar. And after the serenade, present her with the freedom of Heidelberg in a tobacco box.

All. (*going.*) Bravo! We shall be there.

[*They strike up the chorus of "The Student Smokes," &c., and march out* C. D. *close* C. *doors.*

Bar. (*Solus.*) Noisy ruffians. I'm the only man in the University blessed by nature with refined feeling, and an imposing person. Now then to my rooms, to study an extempore oration.

[*Exit, humming "Serenade."* 1 E. R. H.

SCENE II.—*The Public Room in the Hotel of the Black Eagle. Large centre door, and* 2 *and* 3. G. *several doors* R. *and* L. 2 E. *Enter from centre door Mr. Lawrence Leatherlungs, gouty and cross.*

Mr. L. Well; here we are so far, at last; with our backs turned to Baden-Baden. Baden-Baden, bah! give me Bermondsey. Talk of the waters of Germany; give me the brandy-and-water of Old England. Why the devil was I fool enough to come after those foreign spas, when I had my own tan-pits, with water in them quite as nasty, and I dare say much more wholesome, at home. Ah, dear! that romp of a daughter of mine makes me do anything she pleases. Here she is, leading me a pretty dance up and down Germany; me—an invalid, with as much gout in my corpus as would supply the whole court of Aldermen—to be smothered in German beds, poisoned by German cookery, and deafened by German caterwauling,

[*Students at a distance, shouting and singing.* C. D. R. H.

Ha! there they go again. Confound them.

Enter Miss Jenny Leatherlungs from C. D., *rushing down the stage.*

Jenny. Oh, papa, papa, listen, listen! Don't you hear? It's the people, the students, the whole town with such pipes, and such moustachios, come to serenade Jenny Lind. She is in this hotel! There's such an uproar, such shouting, such singing: oh, is it not delightful?

Mr. L. Delightful, Bah!

Jenny. Oh, would not I like to be prima donna, just to be feted, to be caressed, to be kept awake all night by delightful young men singing under my windows, to be talked of, to be written of, to read my name in every newspaper, to hear it at every corner, to see it flaming on yellow posters, in letters as long as myself, to go in triumph to the theatre, to be deafened

by bravos, and smothered with bouquets ; oh, delightful, delightful !

Mr. L. Are you aware, Miss Leatherlungs, that there are private lunatic asylums in Germany

Jenny. Hush, hush—fancy I am Jenny Lind—I am in the theatre—a dim sea of heads floats before me! There they are, faintly marked out—tier over tier, range over range. Hush ; how silent! A deep shadow broods upon the house: the dimmed footlights stretch across the stage, a row of glow worms: the great chandelier blinks faintly like a constellation of far-off stars. Hark! a surge of music from the orchestra. See, in a moment, jets of living flame upbursts like sunbeams ; the swarming theatre flashes into brilliancy—into expectant murmur—to be hushed—hushed to deadest silence, as I throw aloft a note like this :

Sings in imita'ion of the last few bars of a grand scena.

There, don't I do it nicely.

Mr. L. Jenny, Jenny, what a madcap girl you are!

Jenny. Oh, why was I born in Bermondsey?

Mr. L. Because your parents lived there.

Jenny. Was I not intended for a heroine? don't I poke the fire as if I were wielding a sceptre ? and cut bread and butter as though I were stabbing a tyrant ?

Mr. L. Nonsense, child ; this Jenny Lind has turned your head. I'll certainly never take you to an opera again.

Jenny. The opera ! oh, the opera! I'm there now. I see all the characters : first, there is the cruel baron who sings bass, and keeps the *first tenor* out of his castle and domains. Listen : in this style :

Recitative.

Begone, rash youth ; hence, hence ; this very hour
You'll feel my vengeance ; if you doubt my power.
My castle's vault is very damp and deep,
And not at all a pleasant place to sleep ;
So hence, or———

Mr. L. Ah, confound the cruel baron and his castle vaults, let me get back to Bermondsey and my tan-pits.

Jenny. Well, confound the baron. But the tenor—the dear, delightful tenor, who is sure to be the rightful heir, and to have little moustachios. See him in the lonely forest ; the baron's retainers are chasing him with bloodhounds, so you know, of course, he naturally stops to sing.

SONG.

Air.—"Mary Blane"—sung in Italian style.

"Oh, hark the horrid bloodhounds come,
I heard their deep-mouthed bay ;
My chance of safety looks but glum—
They'll have me for their prey ;

And if they do, I'm dog's meat safe,
I am—' is all U P ;
For though I don't go to the dogs,
The dogs they come to me."
Then, farewell—farewell my Ringlatine,
Oh, pray accept my latest breath;
And so no more at present—from
Most truly yours till death.

There, now, ain't that worthy of the opera?

Mr. L. Worthy of Bedlam!

Jenny. But I've not done yet. Now for the prima donna: dishevelled hair, (*lets down her hair*) broken heart, bursting brain, and a voice like a ship, getting over the *high C's*.

SONG.

Air.—"Love Not."

"Breathe not, love not, most wretched Ringlatine,
But st-i-ck a dagger right into your heart.
Oh what, vile tyrant, have you been and done,
Me and my loved one so cruelly to part?
Me and my loved one so cruelly to part?

Mr. L. Jenny, I shant't hear another note. Come, give me your arm; I'm going to my room.

Jenny. Well, pa, if it was not undutiful, I would say your room was better than your company. But come along old boy.

[*Exit pulling him after her*, 2. E. R. H.

Enter Granby Gag, as if watching them; comes down mysteriously, C. D.

Gag. I am sure of it; there can be no mistake. Mistake! pooh! I never was mistaken in my life. One note of that voice would have told it belonged to the famous Jenny Lind. There was in her execution a—a—sort of don't know what you call it, in the apeggio passages of the crescendo, that—that—ah, in short, she is the woman for my money. Ah, let me once have her in my theatre, and we'll kindle up another blaze of triumph. Here she comes! [*Retires up.*

Re-enter Jenny, hurriedly, from. R. H. 2 E.

Jenny. Why I never was in such spirits, or in such voice. Here goes for D in alt.

Sings in bravura style a few notes, ending in shake.

Gag. Bravo! Bravissimo!

Jenny. (*Starting.*) Oh, my! ah, ah!

Gag. Pardon, enchanting syren, "though hollow hearts may wear a mask," yet, if you believe "the beatings breathed" by mine, oh, listen not to "other tales from other lips,"

but think of the prospects of the future; and if you but "remember me," why, then, "we may be happy yet."

Jenny. (*aside*) Oh, Jiminy! There's language!

Gag. I have long, long hoped, long wished for this eventful moment.

Jenny. (*aside.*) Oh, my! What does this respectable fat gentleman mean?

Gag. May I hope that no previous engagement may prevent you from listening to the offer which I have travelled so far to make?

Jenny. (*aside.*) An offer! Lord, how delightful! He is going to pop!

Gag. Of course, my house, myself, and numerous auxiliaries, will be at your entire disposal.

Jenny. (*aside.*) I declare. There's generosity.

Gag. Every entertainment will be got up regardless of expense.

Jenny. (*aside.*) Is not that a pattern husband?

Gag. Of course you will come out in what character you please, and at your own terms. I am but too happy to give a *carte blanche* to Mademoiselle Jenny—Lind—the primest of prima donnas.

Jenny. (*aside.*) Jenny Lind! I see it all. He takes me for the Swedish nightingale, and wishes to engage me. Lor! here's fun. What *will* they say at Bermondsey? Such a delicious adventure. I'll keep up the joke.

Gag. Might I be honored with a reply?

Jenny. You'll allow me a moment's consideration. (*aside.*) Now to muster up a few prima donna airs. (*Aloud.*) There are a few conditions which must be settled as *sine qua nons.* In the first place I must be at perfect liberty to labor under severe indisposition whenever I please. That is a prima donna's perquisite.

Gag. Nothing more reasonable. Medical certificates to that effect shall always be in readiness.

Jenny. And I stipulate, moreover, for at least two dozen bouquets be flung at me every night I sing.

Gag. Make yourself easy on that head. The bouquet department is entrusted to an extensive floral green grocer in Covent-garden.

Jenny. And pray what school of music—the German or Italian—is at present the rage in London?

Gag. Neither, Ma'amselle: the nigger.

Jenny. Then we might produce an African opera.

Gag. As performed with great success at the Theatres Royal Timbuctoo. Nothing easier. I manufacture my own librettos. Allow me to present you with a sample.

[*Produces paper and gives it to Jenny.*

Jenny. A thousand thanks.

[*Begins to read in affected burlesque style.*

BALLAD.

The broken vows——

Gag. (*Interrupting.*) Ten thousand pardons—just one moment. The strain is affecting.

(*Produces a white handkerchief.*

Jenny. (*Bows and resumes.*)

The broken vows of truthful hearts
When fairy hopes are near ;
Who wield revenge's direst darts
To wipe away a tear.
May murmur forth instinctive love,
Or joy in sorrow's knell,
To hear the plumage of the dove
Breathe forth a last farewell !

[*During reading, Gag holds a handkerchief to his eyes.*

Ah, tender !

Gag. Enough to melt the heart of a stone. Do you think the poetry would be effective given in the nigger style ?

Jenny. Oh, don't I ? And with this chorus :—

CHORUS.

Air.—"The Yeller Busha Belle."

So, go away, fat man, don't you come a nigh me,
Burn you wid a chunk: if I don't blow—die me,
Radink-a-day, radink-a-day.
Nigger seed her eat a pumpkin all de day !

Dances to the last two lines in negro fashion, as though playing on a bango. Gag watches with admiration, then joins grotesquely, and they dance out at opposite sides ; he 2 E. R. H. ; *she* 2 E. L. H.

Enter Baron, C. D., *accompanied by Landlord. Baron looks curiously about.*

Bar. So ; these are the apartments of the syren of Sweden.

Land. You are so clever, Baron Beery, so they are.

Bar. (*Pointing* R. H.) And that's her bedroom door, I suppose, over the right ?

Land. No. (*Pointing* L. H.) *That's* her bedroom door. Over the left. (*aside.*) Ah, is it likely indeed, that I'd show *them* Jenny Lind's rooms, when three most respectable London managers have paid me twenty pounds each for an exclusive right of entrance ? Besides——

Baron walks about, looking with delight at the apartment.

(*Going, and aside.*) these students drink nothing but malt, and I never could afford to tell the truth for small beer!

[*Exit.* C.

Bar. Ah, ah, let me alone for gammoning a landlord! Here we are in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the goddess. *Goes to* C. D. *and beckons.* Come in—come in, my boys.

[*Students flock in* C. D.

Here you are, then. Thus far in the bowels of the inn have we marched on without impediment. (*Looking round.*) And—this—this is the nightingale's nest.

Sche. And here's the tobacco-box marked with her name.

Bar. (*Opening it, and showing parchment.*) Behold the address of the entire University of Heidelberg, to be delivered with the entire of my own. But now, listen. Of course the address must be applauded—I'm naturally accustomed to applause—but to prevent mistakes, let us establish a living electric telegraph.

Kan. An electric telegraph! how do you mean? Explain.

Bar. Nothing simpler. Look at me. When I raise my right hand, so, it means "hear, hear;" and when I shake my left leg, so, I expect "loud and long continued cheering." Now, for instance. suppose the sentence to be "Gentlemen, th is a great day for Heidelberg—"

Makes first signal.

Stud. Hear, hear, hear!

Bar. Could not have been done better in the English House of Commons. Now, again. Attention. I proceed thus: "A proud moment indeed for the Black Eagle with two Necks, its diadem of saurkraut, and its sceptre of sausages."

Makes second signal.

Stud. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Enter Jenny, from side door, 2 E. L. H.

Jenny. One would have thought the sky had tumbled down and smothered the larks. Lor' a mercy, the whole university here, (*Seeing Students*) pipes and all.

Bar. (*Observing her.*) Hurrah! 'Tis she! the nightingale in full feather!

Stud. Hurrah, hurrah!

They crowd behind Baron, taking off their caps.

Jenny. (*Aside.*) Another mistake. The whole world will insist upon it that I came from Sweden instead of Surrey. I shall begin to believe that I am Jenny Lind myself shortly.

Bar. Addressing her. Only correct and popular edition of the Little Warbler!

Raises right hand.

Stud. Hear, hear, hear!

Bar. We, the students of Heidelberg, believing you to be the lovliest of Lucias, the soul of Semiramides, the sublimate of Somnambulas, and the *ne plus ultra* of Normas—

[*Kicks with his leg.*

Stud. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Bar. Take the liberty of presenting you with the freedom of this city, enclosed in a tobacco box; which we should have been happy to fill, had we known what you are in the habit of smoking! [*Presents box, and kicks his leg.*

Stud. Hurrah!

Bar. Deign, however, most musical bijou, in casting a *bird's-eye* view over what we hope will prove a *short-cut* to your affections, to make us *due returns*, until the extinction of the vital spark in the pipe of life shall put a stopper on the puffings of your amber mouth-piece, and, by bowling you out, consign you to two yards of clay.

Jenny. (*aside.*) The fun grows thicker; now for a dignified reply. [*aloud*] A-a-a-ahem!

Stud. Hear, hear! Bravo, bravo!

Jenny. A-a-ahem! I feel—no; I experience—no; that is, yes: I—I—

Stud. Bravo! capital—excellent!

Jenny. (*aside.*) This will never do. Now for it—a plunge over head and ears into oratory. (*aloud.*) A-a-ahem! Beeriest of Germans, Smokiest of Saxons, Hairiest of humanity, I like your freedom, and accept your tobacco-box. Pardon me if, in composing the overture of my thanks, I begin with an agitato movement; my youth must plead my excuse: I shall naturally speak in a less *piano* tone than when I'm turned *forte.* If, however, I forget your kindness, may I never have a single bar's rest nor be transmogrified by the trump of fame into the trombone of contention between the rival operas.

Baron kicks vigorously. Students cheer. while Jenny holds out her hand for him to kiss. He makes a signal to the Students to retire up the stage, while he kneels before her.

Bar. Charming Jenny, I adore you. Reciprocate my affection—be constant to me. Don't, by flirting with others, faithless and fickle, earn the title of a spinning-jenny.

Jenny. You honor me too much, pattern of the youth of Germany, Setter of the *ton* of Heidelberg.

During these two speeches Mr. Granby Gag and Leatherlungs peep on from door 2. E. R. *and* L.

Bar. Most delightful of your gender, your eyes have set my heart off like German tinder, Ah,! 'tis so. I'll swear to it, till I am Prussian blue in the face.

Mr. Granby Gag, and Mr. Leatherlungs rush to the front, exclaiming.

Mr. L. Ha! My daughter insulted!

Gag. Ha! My prima donna tampered with!

Jenny. Heavens! My pa. I wish he was at Bermondsey.

Screams and rushes off, 1 E. L. H., *leaving Baron, Swigitoff Beery, kneeling between Granby Gag and Mr. Leatherlungs.*

Bar. (*eooly.*) It strikes me, gentlemen, that this is damned impertinent intrusion.

Mr. L. Intrusion! Who the deuce are you?

Gag. Yes—to be sure. Who the deuce are you sir?

Bar. (*rising deliberately*) And if it comes to that, who the deuce are both of you?

Gag Sir, that lady is engaged to me. I would not let her off for 2000*l.*

Mr. L. (*to Gag.*) To you! Sir your'e a humbug. There is no such engagement.

Bar. (*to Gag.*) Decidedly. The gentleman's right. You're a humbug. There's no such engagement.

Mr. L. And what's more—without my consent there *shall* be no engagement at all. I swear it, by all the tan-pits in Bermondsey!

Gag. (*to Mr. L.*) No engagement without your consent. Bah! That's a good one.

Bar. (*to Mr. L.*) Without your consent. That's a devilish good one. Look out, old gentleman; you're a tanner. Take care of your own hide. That's all—that's all.

Mr. L. Bah! I despise you. If property has rights, she shall be mine.

Gag. I despise *you*. If England has laws she shall be mine.

Bar. And I despise both of you. If Germany has pistols she shall be mine.

Students coming forward and forming group round disputants.

Stud. Bravo! pistols, bravo! Fight for her, that's the way to end it.

Bar, Yes, muzzle to muzzle—damme, death before dishonor. Gun-cotton and vengeance!

Gag. I'd be delighted, if there were pistols.

Sche. Don't be afraid—we always carry them about with us.

[*Students crowd round and offer pistols.*]

Spit. Here's three famous ones—two of them have killed their men within a fortnight.

Bar. Eh! ah! oh! How devilish lucky.

Gag. Yes, certainly; but—[*Looks frightened.*

Mr. L. Ay, clearly; but—[*Looks frightened.*

Bar. (*Very boldly.*) Come, to business. You two blow out each other's brains, and I'll shoot the survivor!

Gag. You're remarkably kind. Why don't you open the ball yourself?

Bar. (*Aside.*) In case the ball should open me.

Sche. No, no;—nothing in these case like a three-cornered duel.

Stud. Bravo! a three-cornered duel.

Spit. Of which the great advantage is, that each has a perfectly fair chance of the ounce of lead.

Kan. Come, to your posts.

The Students crowd round and arrange the combatants at the three angles of a triangle. They then retire out of the lines of fire.

Kan. When we give the word, blaze away together.

Sche. Ready!

Spit. Present!

All. Fire!

They fire together, and the three make comic falls.

Enter Jenny LEATHERLUNGS, L. H. *as alarmed by the report.*

Jenny. Pistols. A duel. What has been the cause of this?

Leatherlungs, Gag, and Barón, starting up together, and in a breath——

You!

Jenny. Me! Impossible! Are you hurt?

Mr. L. Not I!

Gag. Nor I!

Bar. Nor I!

Jenny. Then what made you fall?

Mr. L. I fell out of compliment to the gentleman who fired at me.

Gag. Ah! ah! I was carried off my legs by the wind of the bullet!

Bar. And I—I—I—fell—from a desire to avoid singularity!

Gag. 'Twas all your doing though, Jenny Lind.

Jenny. Lind! Rubbish. My name is—Jenny Leatherlungs, of the parish St. Crammer Without, Bermondsey, Borough, spinster.

Gag. I cancel my engagement!

Bar. I recall my tobacco box!

Mr. L. I wish I was up to my neck in a Bermondsey tan-pit!

Gag. I see—I see it all. I've been hoaxed!—there's an end to Jenny Lind in my theatre.

Jenny. But not, I hope, in mine. I have no wish to rival a Sweedish Nightingale—but at least my friends will allow—that I never object to being up to an English lark!

SITUATIONS.

HERR KOFF. SPLUTTER. SCHEROOT. SNEEZE. HERR STAMMER.
GAG. JENNY. BARON. LEATHERLUNGS.

CURTAIN.

R. H. L. H.

Living too fast
Lonise de Ligneroles
Lady of Lyons
Loves Sacrifice
Love Chase The
London Assurance
Look before you Leap
Love
Loan of a Lover
Luke the Laborer
Love in humble Life
Lancers The
Love in a Village
More Blunders than One
My Aunt
Man and Wife
Masks and Faces
Merry Wives of Windsor
Michael Erle
Midsumer Night's Dream
Mummy the
Moll Pitcher
Macbeth
" Travestie
Merchant of Venice
Money
Marco Spado
Mob Cap The
Morning Call
Mr & Mrs White
Maurice the Woodcutter
My Friend the Major
Much ado about Nothing
Mountaineers The
Married and Single
Mind your own Business
Maid of Croissey
Maid of the Mill
Mary Queen of Scots
My Wife's Diary
My Neighbors Wife
Miller and his Men
Matteo Falcone
Maid of Florence
Mother and Child are doing well
My Uncle
My Grandmother
Merchant's Wedding
Miser of Shoreditch
Nature and Philosophy
New Footman The
Nature's Nobleman
Nervous Man
Niped in the Bud
New Way to Pay Old Debts
Nell Gwynne
Naval Engagements
Old Guard The
Othello
Opposite Neighbors
Omnibus the
Object of Interest
Old Heads and Yonng Hearts
Old Maids
Old Chateau
Old Honesty
Orators, The
Paul Jones
Presumptive Evidence
Popping the Question
Pilot The
Prima Donna
Pet of the Petticoats
Poor Pillicody
Perplexing Predicament
Paul Pry
Pizarro
Poor Gentleman
Passing Cloud The
P. P. or Man and Tiger
Perfection
Pride of the Market
Peasant Boy The
Poor Soldier The
Padlock The
Prize The
Prommissory Note The
Paul and Virginia
Pickwick Club
Pauline
Parents and Guardians
People's Lawyer
Patrician's Daughter
Queen of the Abruzzi
Review The
Robber's Wife
Rory O'Moore
Recruiting Officer
Roland for an Oliver A
Rosina Meadows
Rakes Progress The
Rip Van Winkle
Raising the Wind
Richelieu
Road to Ruin
Romeo and Juliet
Robbers The
Rivals the
Richard III
Rent Day The
Rough Diamond The
Ransom The
Robert Macaire
Sea of Ice
Sailor of France
Sunshine through the Clouds
Siamese Twins
St. Cupid
Six Degrees of Crime
Sophias Supper
Satan in Paris
Spring and Autumn
Shandy Maguire
Still Waters Run Deep
Spectre Bridegroom
Sergeant's Wife The
Swiss Swains The
School for Scandal
Soldiers Daughter
Serious Family
She Stoops to Conquer
Stranger
School for Grown Children
School for Prodigals
School for Authors
School for Arrogance
Swiss Cottage The
Slasher and Crasher
Sea Captain The
Sent to the Tower
Speed the Plough
Simpson & Co
Sweethearts and Wives
Sketches in India
Sardanapalus
St Patrick's Eve
Secret The
Secret Service
Spitfire The
Seven Clerks The
Scan Mag
Teddy the Tiler
Tempest The
Temper
Three weeks after Marriage
Toodles The
Town and Country
Twelfth Night
Two Bonny Castles
'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror
Two in the Morning
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Two Friends
Tekeli
Tom Noddy's Secret
Taken in and done for
Thumping Legacy
To Oblige Benson
Too Much of a good thing
Turning the Tables
Tom Cringle
Used Up
Uncle John
Venice Preserved
Virginius
Vicar of Wakefield
Village Lawyer
Vampire, The
Ways and Means
Waterman the
Who's the Dupe
Wild Oats
Wandering Minstrel The
Wanted one Thousand Milliners
Willow Cabin The
Widow's Victim The
Wife The
William Tell
Writing on the Wall
Wolf and Lamb
Wilful Murder
Werner
White Horse of the Peppers
Weathercock The
Who Speaks First
Witch of Windermere
White Bait at Greenwich
Wonderful Woman
Wonder The
Wreck Ashore
Wallace
Whistle for it
Young Hussar
Young Widow The
Yes
Yes or No
Yeoman's Daughter
Yellow Kids
Yellow Dwarf
Your Life is in danger
Za Ze Zi Zo Zu

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